



No. 94

DEC...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN
IND
DC
PUBLICATION

The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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Only in



are found

THESE
TOP-RANKING
HEROES

of the

COMICS WORLD!



• FOR A GUARANTEE OF
THE BEST IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE, ALWAYS LOOK
FOR THE SUPERMAN-D C
SYMBOL ON THE COVER!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB KANE

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A SECRET THAT GAVE YOU NIGHTMARES?... HAVE YOU EVER LAIN AWAKE IN THE DARKNESS, TORMENTED BY THE AWFUL THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE MIGHT FIND IT OUT?

AND HAVE YOU FINALLY HAD YOUR FEARS COME TRUE --- ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, AFTER ALL? ... THEN YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS TALE OF A MAN WITH JUST SUCH A SECRET --- THE DARK SECRET OF HIS PAST ---

AND OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THAT MIGHTY TEAM OF LAW MEN, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN,

UNINTENTIONALLY BLEW IT WIDE OPEN!... IT IS A STRANGE STORY AND A VERY HUMAN ONE, AND IT IS CALLED ---

"NO ONE MUST KNOW!"



OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE SLEEPY VILLAGE OF MEADOWVALE, WHERE LIFE FLOWS PEACEFULLY...





WHERE THE BANK PRESIDENT HAS A DEEP INTEREST IN THE WELFARE OF HIS HUMBLEST CLIENT...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MORTGAGE, SILAS---AT LEAST, NOT TILL YOU GET YOUR CROPS IN!

THANKS, MR. BURLING!

WHERE EVEN THE LAW IS FRIENDLY...

NOW, EDDIE, I KNOW YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY A FINE---SO IF YOU'LL PROMISE NOT TO FIGHT ANY MORE, WE'LL FORGET ABOUT IT!

THANKS, JUDGE WATTS!

AND EVERY CITIZEN TAKES PART IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE COMMUNITY...

I AGREE WITH THE MAYOR... WE SHOULDN'T SPEND ANY MORE MONEY ON IMPROVEMENTS TILL THE CASH IS IN THE TREASURY!

GEORGE BARROW IS RIGHT!



NATURALLY, ROMANCE FLOURISHES IN MEADOWVALE--IN THIS CASE BETWEEN YOUNG JIMMY BARROW AND PRETTY MARY WATTS...

DAD, JUDGE WATTS HAS JUST GIVEN HIS CONSENT! MARY AND I ARE ENGAGED!

ENGAGED? WELL--ER--THAT'S SPLENDID, CHILDREN!



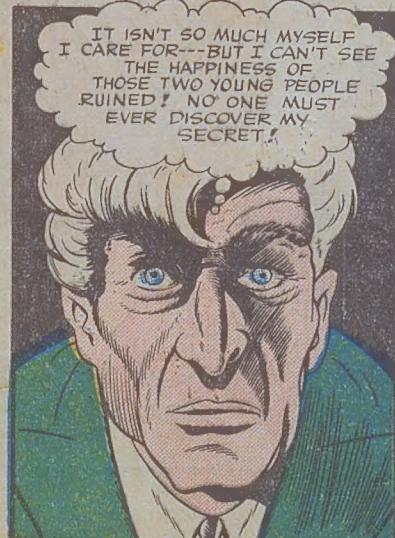
SO MY SON IS GOING TO MARRY INTO THE JUDGE'S FAMILY... BUT WHAT IF THE JUDGE KNEW I WAS AN EX-CROOK, AN ESCAPED CONVICT?



IF IT WERE KNOWN, EVEN NOW, I'D HAVE TO GO BACK TO PRISON! I'D BRING SHAME AND DISGRACE ON JIMMY AS WELL AS ME!



IT ISN'T SO MUCH MYSELF I CARE FOR---BUT I CAN'T SEE THE HAPPINESS OF THOSE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE RUINED! NO ONE MUST EVER DISCOVER MY SECRET!



IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO MAKE RESOLUTIONS, GEORGE BARROW--BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT A MAN'S MOST CAREFULLY HIDDEN SINS HAVE A WAY OF CATCHING UP WITH HIM-- SOMETIMES MANY YEARS LATER... SOMETIMES AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN HE WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE TO KEEP THEM HIDDEN JUST A LITTLE LONGER!

IT'S A FAR CRY FROM DROWSY MEADOW-VALE TO BUSTLING GOTHAM CITY--- BUT THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE IS SHAPING BARROW'S FATE THERE NEVERTHELESS...

LOOK! THOSE OIL STOCKS YOU SOLD ME ARE WORTHLESS! WHY, YOU---YOU SWINDLERS I'LL GO TO THE POLICE!

EASY ON THAT SORT OF TALK, BUDDY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT TWO MANTLED FIGURES APPROACH ALONG THE STREET OUTSIDE--- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, ON THE PROWL FOR EVIL-DOERS!



WITHIN THE CROOKED BROKERAGE OFFICE . . .

MIND IF I
TAKE A LITTLE
FLYER?

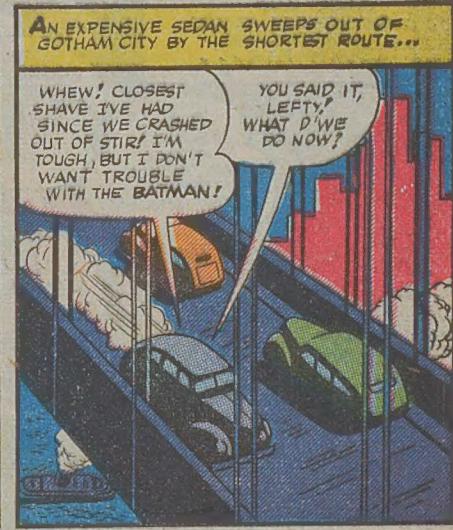
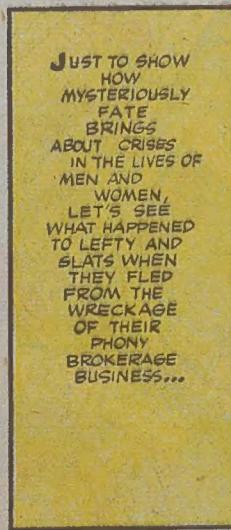
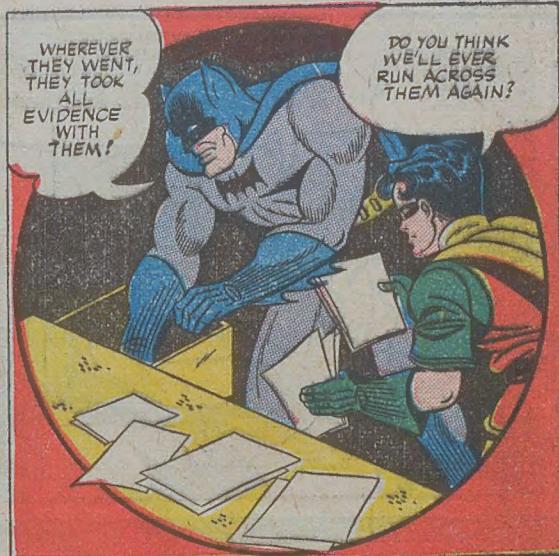
CRASH

HE'S
IN!LEAVE
HIM TO
ME!YOU SEEM TO
HAVE GONE
UP A
FEW
POINTS!HEY---THIS
AIN'T THE
SOCK EXCHANGE!I SOLD WILDCAT
STOCKS, BUT I
NEVER RAN
INTO A WILDCAT
BEFORE!WE OUGHT TO
MAKE YOU A
CHAIR-MAN OF
THE BOARD---
IF IT ISN'T
TOO BAD A
PUN!I'LL PICK
UP A LITTLE
EVIDENCE
BEFORE I
TURN YOU
OVER TO THE
LAW!LOOK OUT,
BATMAN!

WHAT, ROB---?

UGH!

YOU RAT--- IN A
SECOND THE MARKET'S
GOING TO CRASH ALL
OVER YOU!A DOME
FOR
A
DOME!AN' I GOT
SOMETHIN' FOR
YOUR DOME,
KID!





THIS BEGINS A BUSY DAY FOR TWO WHO ARE MASTERS IN THE ART OF EXTRACTING MONEY FROM THE GULLIBLE...



YA BETCHA--- I MEAN, IT CERTAINLY WILL!

A THOUSAND DOLLARS IS ALL MY POOR HUSBAND LEFT ME... WAIT TILL I GO TO THE BANK!

AN UNLUCKY DAY FOR MOST OF THOSE WHO MEET LEFTY AND SLATS---AND A TERRIBLE DAY FOR ONE UNSUSPECTING OLD GENTLEMAN...

SURE YOU WON'T RIDE THE CHUTE-THE-CHUTES WITH US, DAD?

AT MY AGE? YOU CHILDREN RUN ALONG AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

GEORGE BARROW! FANCY MEETING AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM HERE!

PUT HER THERE, BUDDY!

LEFTY! SLATS! I'D HOPED NEVER TO SEE YOU TWO AGAIN! DON'T SPEAK TO ME!

YA WOULDN'T WANT US TO TIP OFF THE COPS ABOUT HOW YA LEFT PRISON WITHOUT GRADUATIN', WOULD YA?

YOU---YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT! YOU MADE ME GO WITH YOU WHEN MY SENTENCE WAS NEARLY OVER!

OKAY, PAL---WE WON'T TURN YA IN! NOT IF YA GET UP TWENTY GRAND TO KEEP US QUIET!

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHY I COULDN'T RAISE A FRACTION OF THAT!

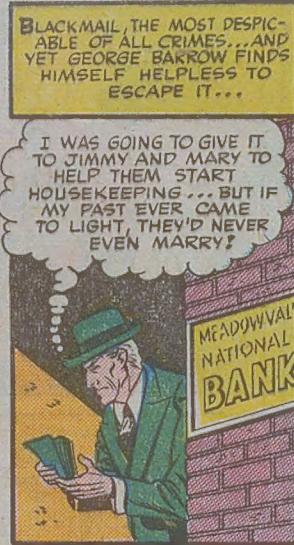
WELL, SEE HOW MUCH YA CAN DIG UP, AN' WE'LL TELL YA IF IT'S ENOUGH!

WE'LL GIVE YA TWO HOURS!

I---I'LL SEE ABOUT IT!

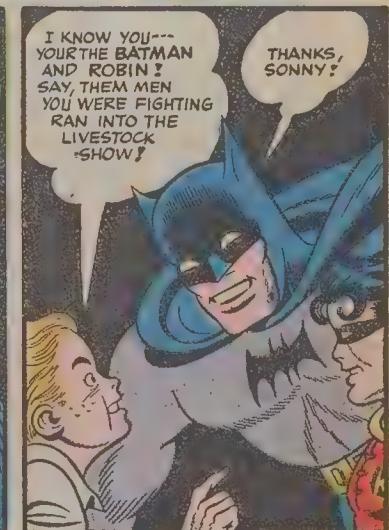
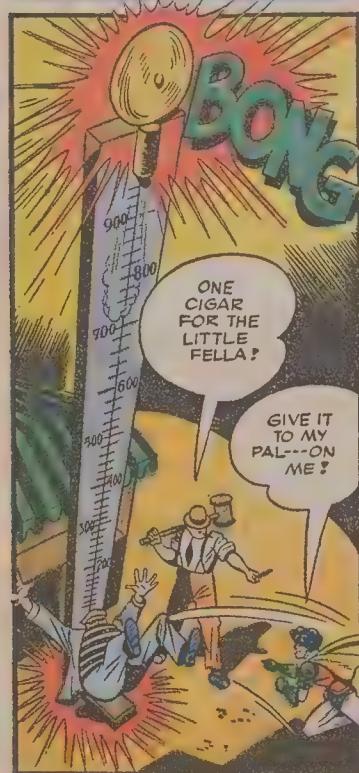
Poor George Barrow...what a problem...

IF I LET THEM START BLACKMAILING ME, THEY'LL KEEP IT UP FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE... BUT IF I DON'T, I'LL RUIN OTHER LIVES' BESIDES MY OWN!



DETECTIVE COMICS







BUT LEFTY AND SLATS HAVE ALSO BEEN DEVISING A STRATEGY...



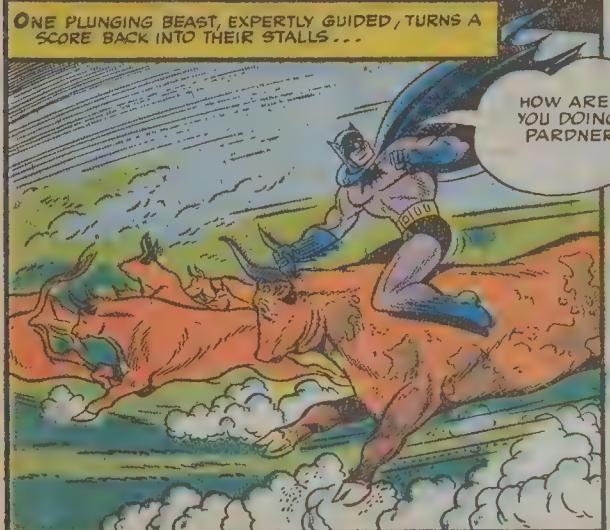
AND AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, DISCOVERY FOILS THE BATMAN'S PLAN...



LIGHTNING WITS AND SUPERBLY TRAINED MUSCLES RESPOND INSTANTLY TO THE NEW EMERGENCY...



ONE PLUNGING BEAST, EXPERTLY GUIDED, TURNS A SCORE BACK INTO THEIR STALLS...



DETECTIVE COMICS

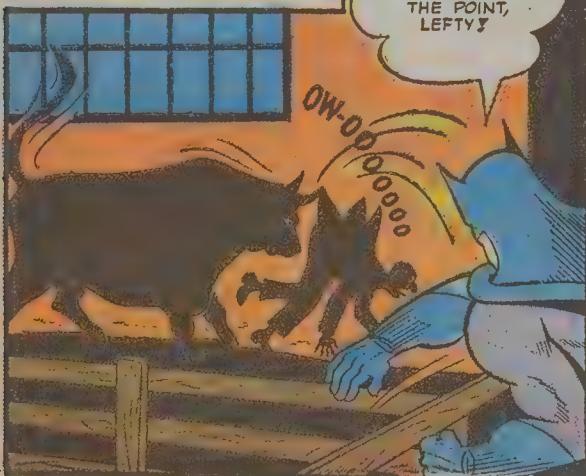


A SUPERIOR
PUBLICATION
DC

AND WHEN THE TERRIFIED CATTLE ARE QUIETED DOWN...



BUT THE END OF THE JOB IS NOT
FAR AWAY, FOR AN OLD MAN
HAS DECIDED THAT JUSTICE
IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN
HIS OWN INTERESTS...



SO FINALLY THE
EXPOSURE HE HAS
PREDARED FOR OVER
TWENTY YEARS
COMES TO GEORGE
BARROW, ESCAPED
CONVICT...



DETECTIVE COMICS

DC
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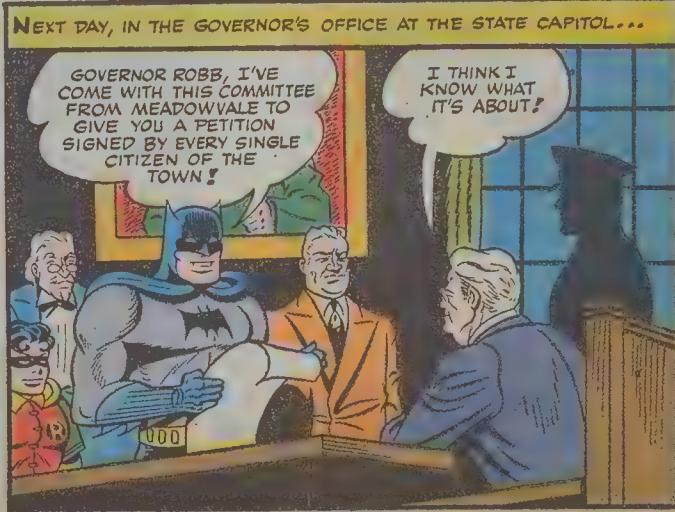
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TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO I WAS OUT OF A JOB AND HUNGRY... I FOUND A NECKLACE--- AND ALTHOUGH I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE I PAWNED IT, THEY ARRESTED ME, ACCUSED ME OF STEALING IT, GAVE ME A YEAR'S SENTENCE...

I OVERHEARD LEFTY AND SLATS PLANNING TO ESCAPE... THEY WERE AFRAID I WOULD TELL, AND FORCED ME TO GO WITH THEM AGAINST MY WILL... AND ONCE OUTSIDE I WAS AFRAID THE WARDEN WOULDN'T BELIEVE MY STORY!

I CAN'T EXPECT YOU TO MARRY ME NOW! I'M GOING TO SEE THIS THING THROUGH WITH MY DAD!

JIMMY BARROW, DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO BREAK OUR ENGAGEMENT! I'M STICKING WITH YOU---AND WITH YOUR FATHER, TOO!



AND WHEN THE BATMOBILE RACES BACK TO THE SLEEPY VILLAGE, FAR AHEAD OF THE OTHERS, ITS ERRAND IS LESS GRIM THAN USUAL...

I HURRIED BACK BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THESE! FOR YOU, JIMMY AND MARY, A LICENSE TO MARRY! AND FOR YOU, MR. BARROW--- A PARDON, SIGNED BY THE GOVERNOR!

A PARDON? GOLLY...

MR. BATMAN, YOU'RE THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN ON EARTH! NEXT TO JIMMY, THAT IS...

OH, YEAH?



ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



THREE-RING BINKS

BROTHER, YOU ARE NOW GAZING UPON THE ORIGINAL, THE GREATEST- AND THE WORLD'S MOST SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL HUMAN PIN-CUSHION THAT EVER BENT A NAIL WITH HIS EPIDERMIS! -- THAT'S ME-- "BOILER-PLATE BENZOLA", THE "I CAN TAKE IT PLENTY" CHAMP, HOWZA BOUT MAKING YOURSELF A FORTUNE BY PINNING A CONTRACT ON ME?

TOP BOOKING AGENT FOR ANY ALL, AND SUNDRY CIRCUS, CARNIVAL, SIDE AND FLOOR SHOW TALENT-- ONE TO A THOUSAND ARTISTES SUPPLIED ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

SHOOSH! YOU'RE WAKING THE BIRDS IN THE PARK. SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR BREATH WHILE I TELL YOU THE STORY OF "RUSTY" BOLTZ, A HUMAN PIN-CUSHION WHO CERTAINLY WENT "ALL-OUT" ON THE INTAKE!!



BINKS BARNSTORMERS, INC.

A FEATURE ACT WALKED OUT OF A LITTLE ROAD-HOPPING TENT SHOW THAT I WAS MANAGING SOME THUTTY YEARS AGO, AND I WAS ABOUT TO FOLD UP WHEN ONE DAY THIS 'RUSTY' BOLTZ WALKS IN ON ME...

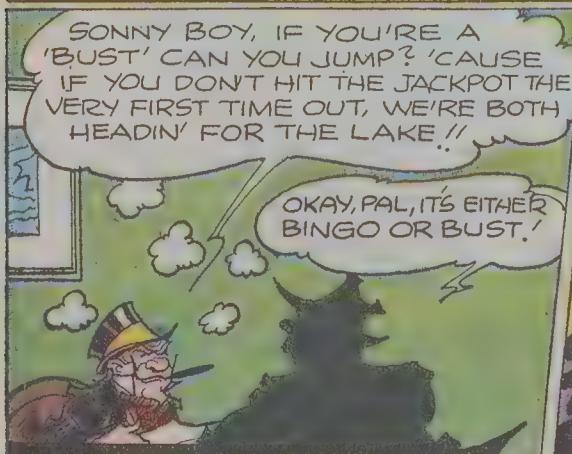
LISTEN, MODEST, WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DID YOU EVER DO? WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW?... AND THEN GIVE ME TEN REASONS WHY I SHOULDN'T RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN?

HI, POD'NER, I'M STUCK FOR A JOB, SO IF YOU'RE STUCK FOR A MILLION DOLLAR ACT, STICK MY NAME ON YOUR PAYROLL, AND NEITHER OF US WILL GET STUCK!

I, PAL, AM KNOWN IN THESE PARTS AS 'RUSTY' BOLTZ, THE HUMAN PIN-CUSHION. LOOKA THIS-- WITH A MERE RAILROAD SPIKE!



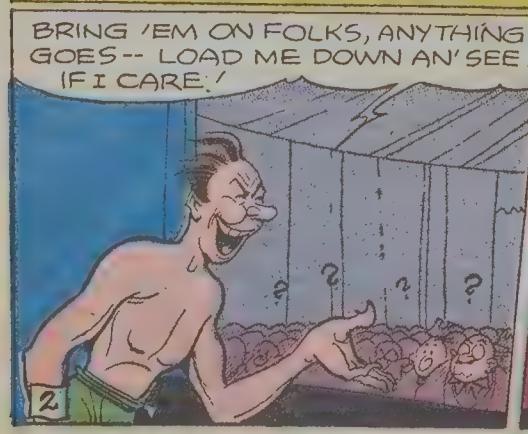
WELL, RATHER THAN CLOSE THE SHOW--
AND MORE IN DESPERATION THAN IN
COOL, COMMON SENSE, I SIGNED HIM UP...



FROM THEN ON HE JUST 'SWARMED'
THEM THROUGH THE TURNTSTILES,
AND SOON HAD MY BANK BALANCE
BULGING AT THE HIPS...



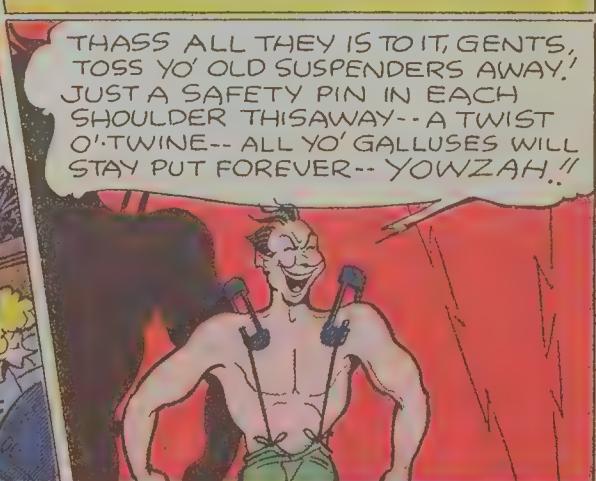
THEN FOR A GRAND FINALE HE'D
CHALLENGE ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE
TO PRODUCE ANY ARTICLE THAT HE
COULDN'T ABSORB EXTERNALLY!



BUT THE VERY FIRST NIGHT HE
WENT OUT THERE AND LAID THEM IN
THE AISLES!... HE WAS A 3-ALARM RIOT!



-- HE HAD ONE NEAT NUMBER THAT
WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS ---



A LOT OF OUR AUDIENCES TOOK HIM AT
HIS WORD-- AND I'VE SEEN HIM, HUNDREDS
OF TIMES, SO OVERLOADED, HE COULD
HARDLY CREEP OFF THE STAGE...





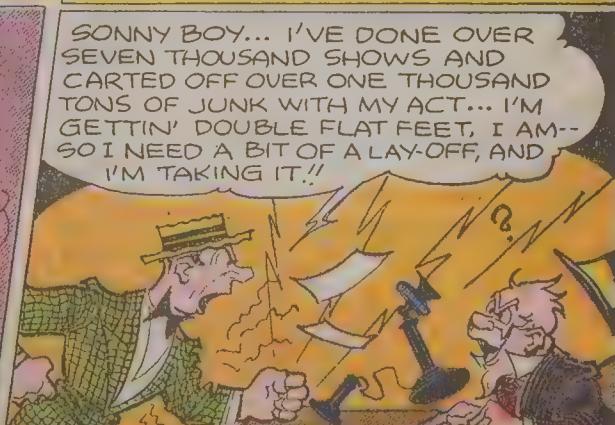
NEXT HE STARTED SPECIAL PERFORMANCES... ONE SHOW HE'D SPECIALIZE ON NOTHING BUT HAT-PINS, HAIR-PINS, BOBBY-PINS AND SAFETIES...

THE NEXT SHOW HE'D GO 'ALL-OUT' FOR NOTHING BUT SCISSORS, BALE HOOKS, BAYONETS, PITCHFORKS AND HEAVIER STUFF...



-- THEN HE'D GIVE 'A 'SPECIAL' SHOW WHEN HE'D TAKE ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THE TRAFFIC COULD BEAR, AND HE SURE PUT ON WEIGHT WITH THAT ONE!

AFTER TWELVE SOLID YEARS OF THIS, WITHOUT LOSING ONE SINGLE PERFORMANCE HE STARTED TO GET UPPITY-- SAID THE WORK WAS GETTING TOO HEAVY!



THE NEXT DAY HE DROVE PAST OUR BIG-TOP ON HIS WAY TO A SWANK GOLF CLUB HE HAD JUST JOINED...

THEN IT SLOWLY DAWNED ON US THAT HE HAD A BROTHER IN THE TRUCKING BUSINESS, WHO HAD TRAILED OUR SHOW ALL OVER THE COUNTRY YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT...



WITHOUT HIS ACT, OUR LITTLE SHOW SOON GOT VERY WEAK AND BAGGY AROUND THE KNEES, AND THEN ONE DAY I READ ALL ABOUT HIM IN A CIRCUS TRADE PAPER!

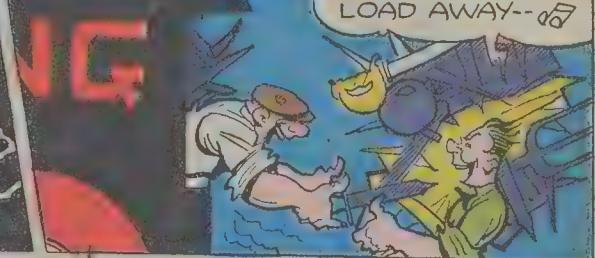
DHEW-- W-WHAT? HIS NICKNAME IS THE 'JUNKYARD' PRINCE, AND HE'S JUST CLEANED UP A COOL MILLION CLAMS.. WOW! HOW COME?



THEN IT ALL CAME OUT! - AFTER EVERY SHOW, FOR TWELVE LONG YEARS HIS BROTHER WOULD MEET HIM IN BACK OF THE TENT WITH HIS TRUCK AND PICK UP THE DAILY HAUL IN 'JUNK'.

OBOYOBODYOBOY! WE'LL SOON HAVE A CHAIN OF FASHIONABLE JUNKYARDS FROM COAST TO COAST!

TAKE ANOTHER LOAD AWAY--



THEN CAME THE WAR!.. NEXT THE SCRAP METAL SHORTAGE, AND BOY, THAT'S WHAT THEY HAD NOTHING ELSE BUT... TONS'N'TONS'N'TONS OF THE STUFF...

AND HERE IS YOUR CHECK FOR EXACTLY ONE MILLION DOLLARS, MR. JUNKYARD JONES!

OH THANK YOU TWICE TOO MUCH!!

BANK PRES.

WELL, BATHE MY BROW, THAT'S A LULU! AND WHAT'S THE WALKING "JUNKYARD" DOING NOW?

WHY, THE LAST I HEARD, HE WENT ABROAD AND HAD GONE INTO THE PHOTOGRAPHY RACKET IN ENGLAND...

... YEAH... AND THEY SAY HE'S CLEANING UP ANOTHER MILLION OVER THERE, SELLING PHOTOS OF HIMSELF TO THEIR WAVES, WACS AND SPARS, AS THEIR FAVORITE 'PIN-UP' PATOOTIE!!

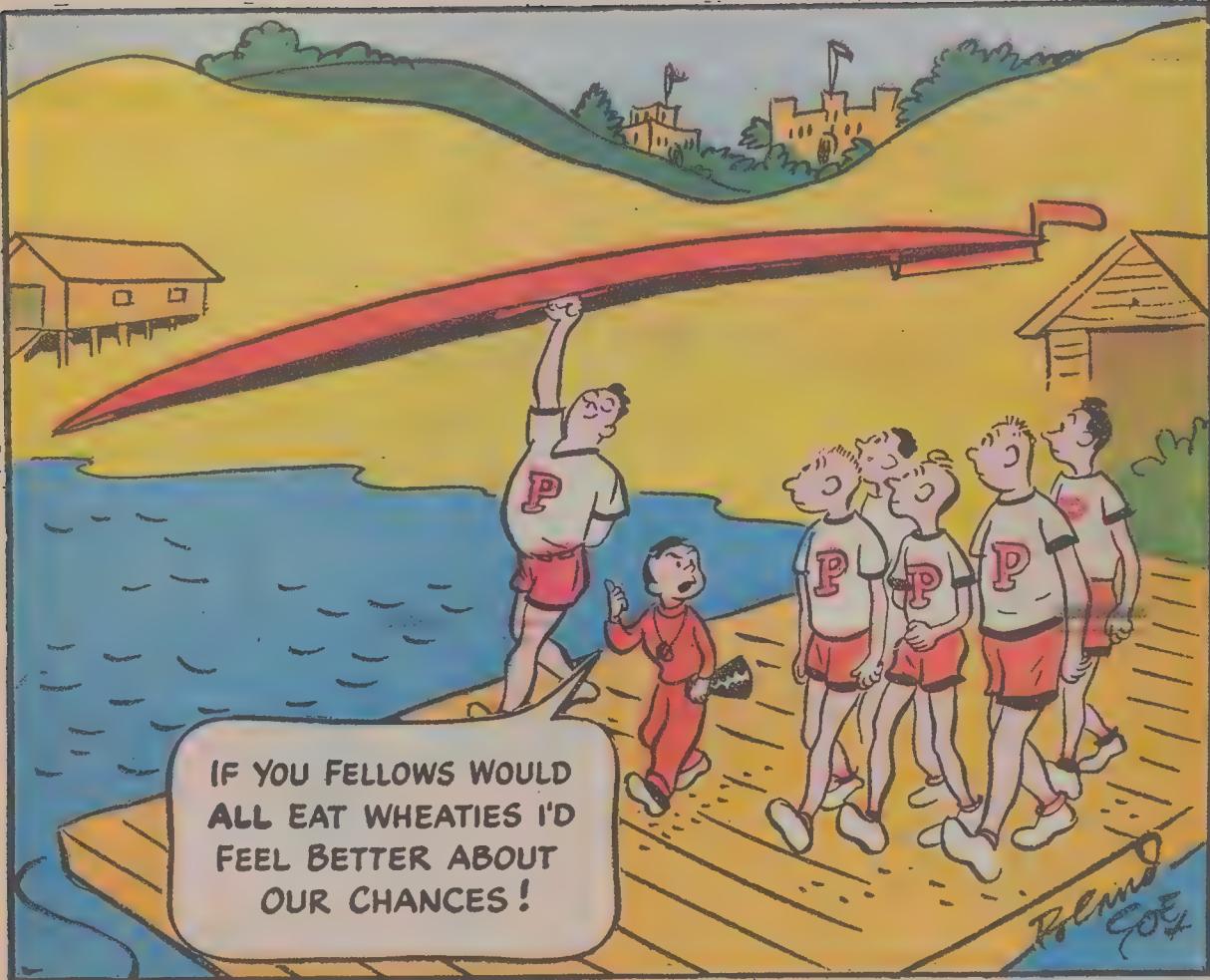


--Y'KNOW, SON--WHEN A LAD LIKE 'JUNKYARD' GETS AMBITIOUS HE... HEY, WHERE Y'HEADIN'?

HEH-HEH-HEH!

OW-WAH!

THAT STORY PINS A ROSE ON ME FOR KEEPS... AND FROM NOW ON, FOR MY MONEY, THE SHOW BUSINESS CAN GO SIT ON A TACK--SO LONG!



IF YOU FELLOWS WOULD
ALL EAT WHEATIES I'D
FEEL BETTER ABOUT
OUR CHANCES!

Rolland
Sot

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



HEFTY
WHOLE GRAIN
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES!



YOU'RE BETTERING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU SHOVE OFF WITH A GOOD NOURISHING BREAKFAST. AND IF YOU TAKE A TIP FROM MANY LEADING COACHES AND STAR ATHLETES, YOU'LL INCLUDE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

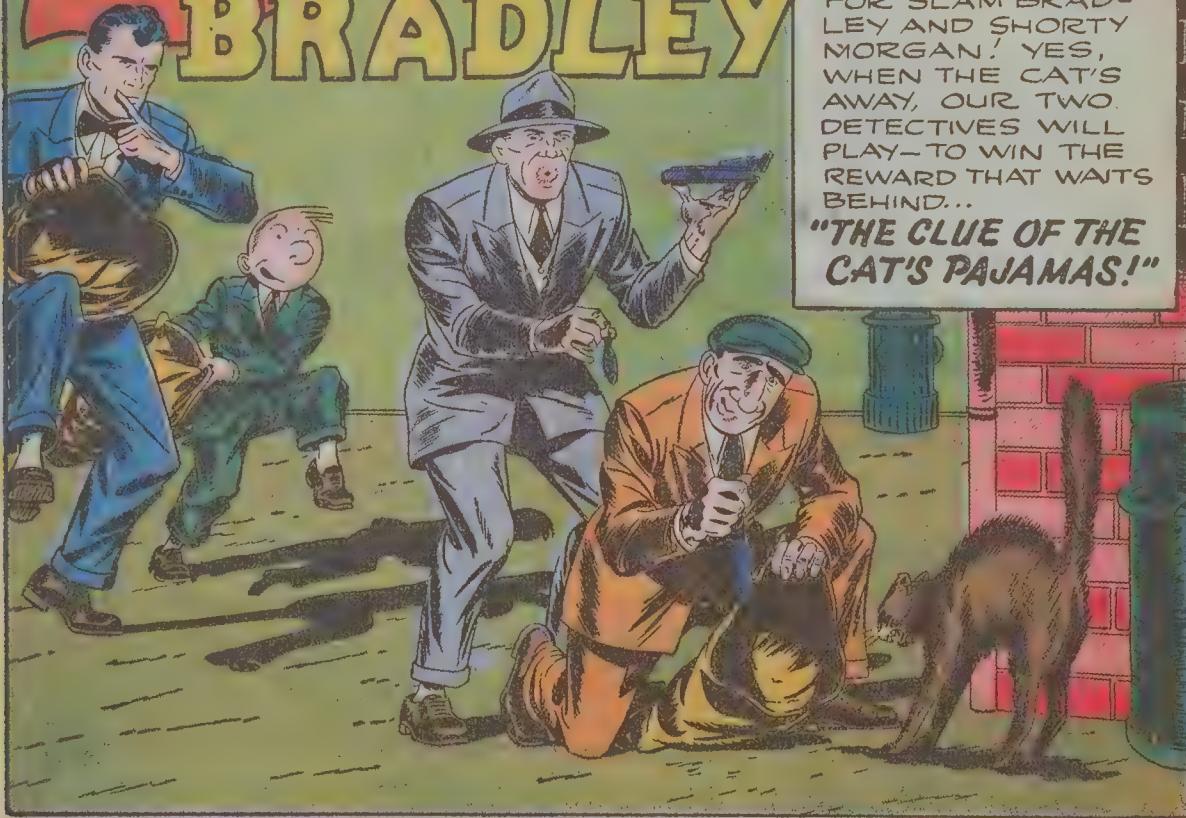
WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. CRISP TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP. CHUCK-FULL OF CONCENTRATED WHOLE GRAIN FOOD ENERGY AND SWELL "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GIVE YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL A CHAMPION START...STARTING TOMORROW MORNING. GET GOING WITH ALL THE ZESTY NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR IN A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."!

A Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

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SLAM BRADLEY



A FELINE IS FILCHED! IN PLAIN LANGUAGE, A PUSS IS PURLOINED. IN EVEN PLAINER LANGUAGE, A CAT IS SNATCHED! AND ONE CAT-NAPPING PLUS A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR RANSOM DEMAND EQUALS A CASE FOR SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN! YES, WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY, OUR TWO DETECTIVES WILL PLAY—TO WIN THE REWARD THAT WAITS BEHIND...

"THE CLUE OF THE CAT'S PAJAMAS!"

TWO AWED FIGURES TREAD THE CARPETED HALLWAYS OF THE DILLSWORTHY MANSION...

GOSH, HOW COME THEY DON'T HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHTS?

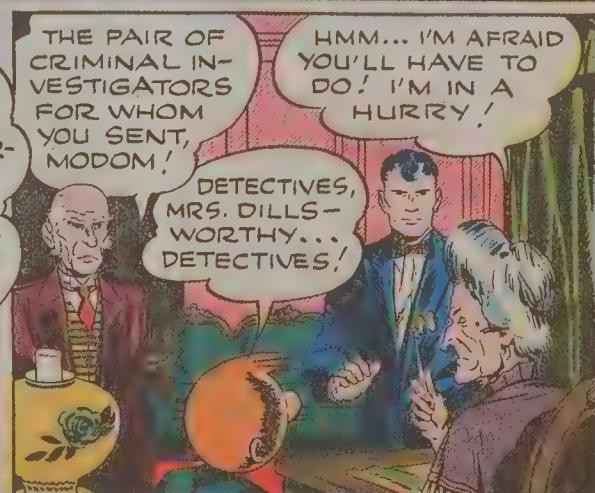
OR AT LEAST GAS MANTLES? SUCH MODERN VULGARITY! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

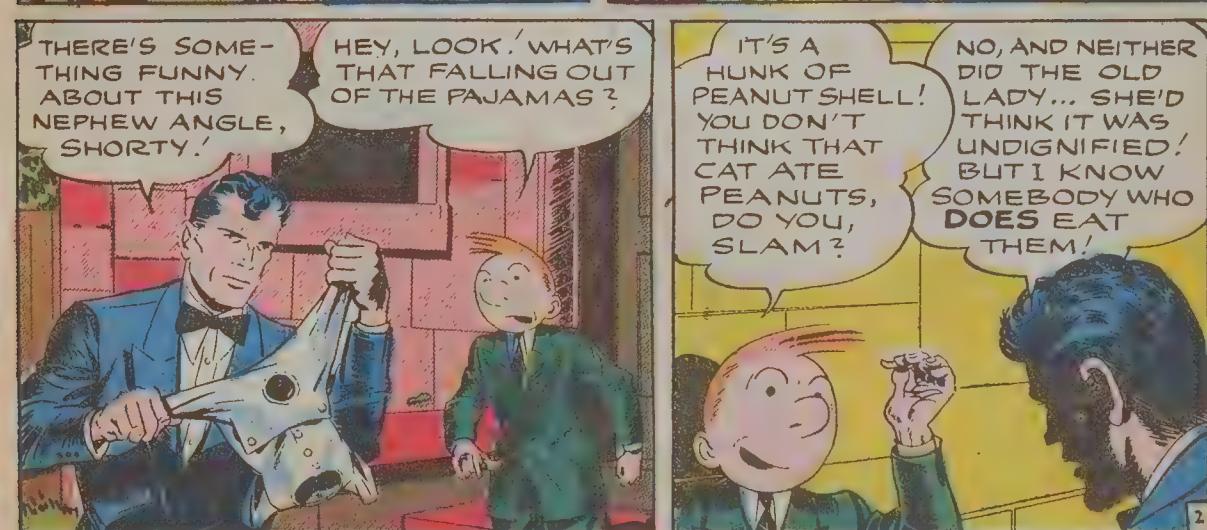
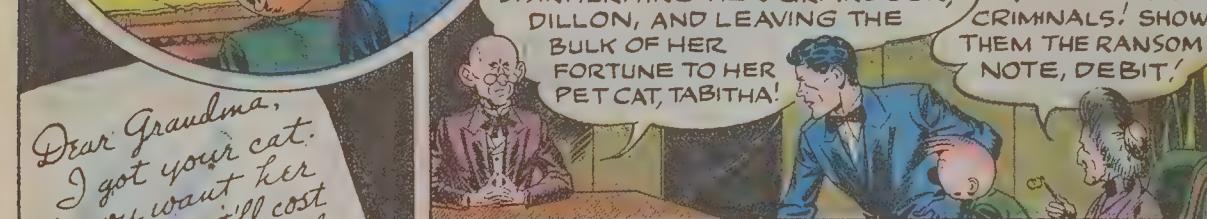
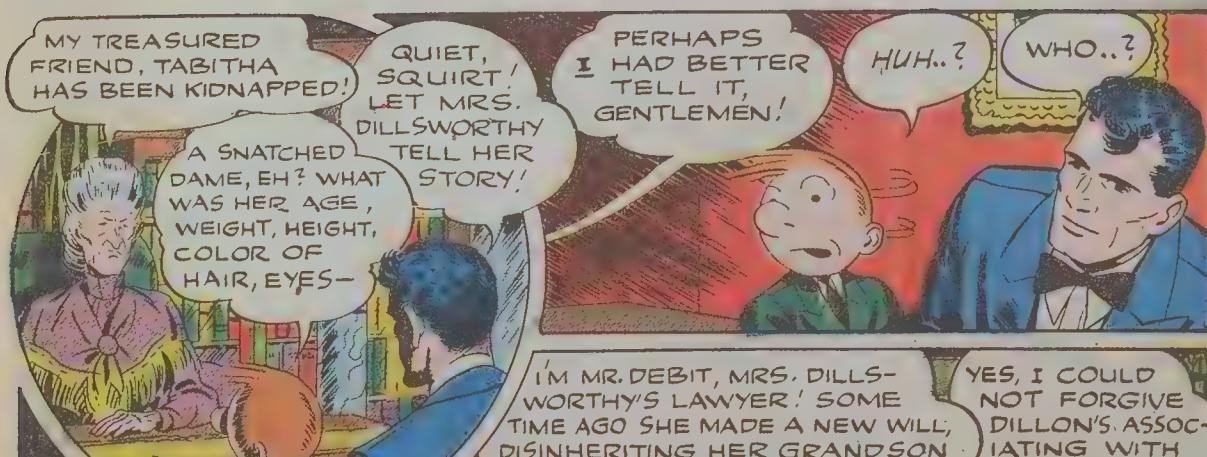
MODOM HAS NEVER RECONCILED HERSELF TO SUCH MODERN VULGARITY!

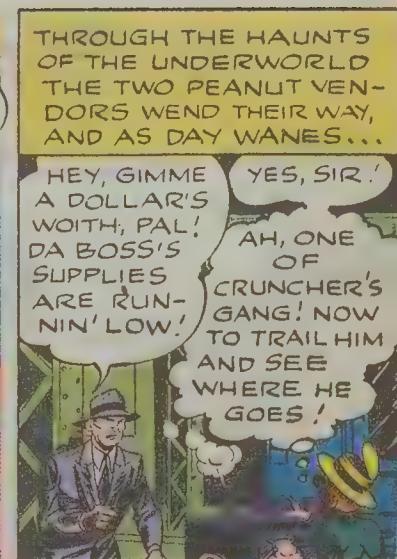
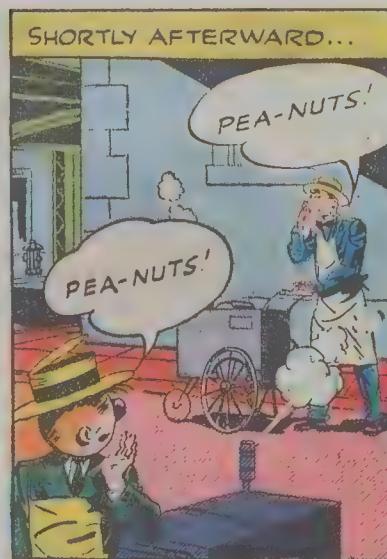
THE PAIR OF CRIMINAL INVESTIGATORS FOR WHOM YOU SENT, MODOM!

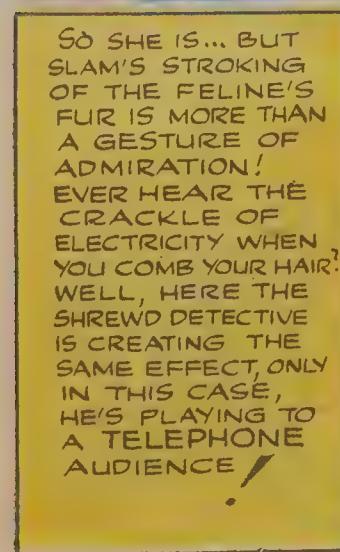
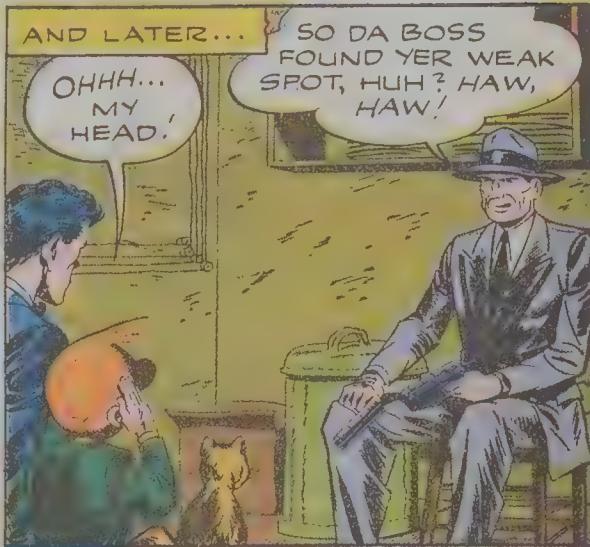
HMM... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO DO! I'M IN A HURRY!

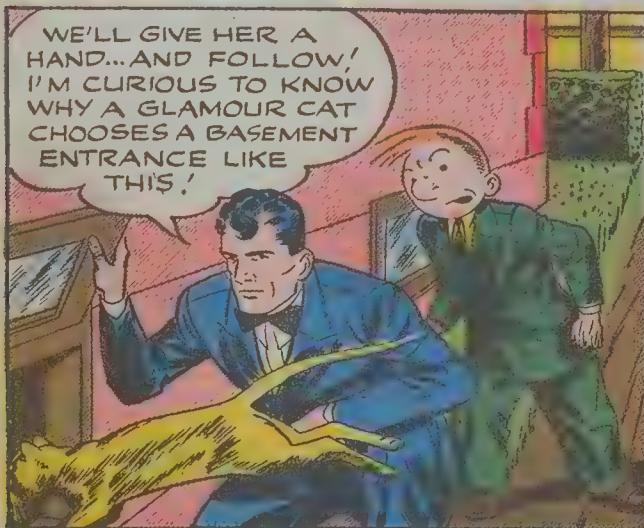
DETECTIVES,
MRS. DILLS-
WORTHY...
DETECTIVES!

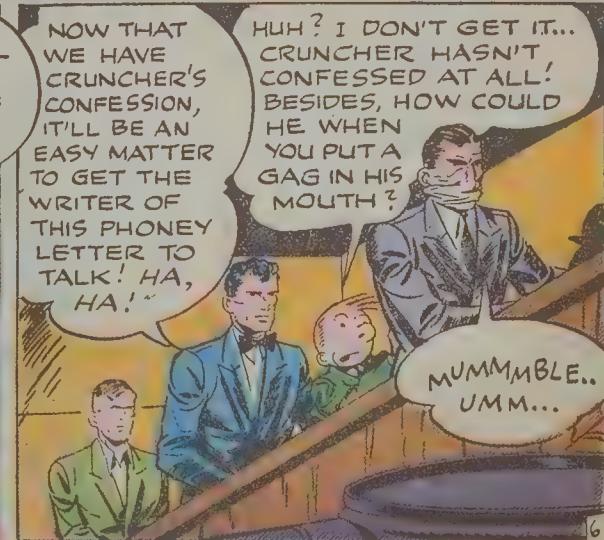


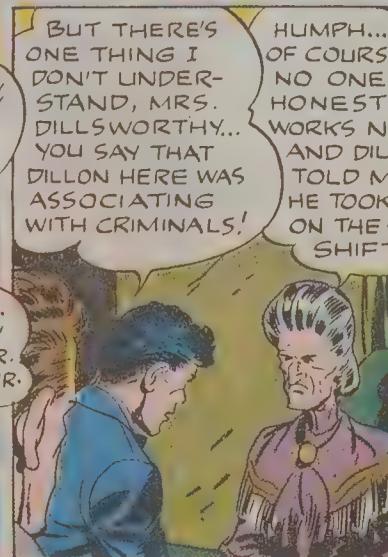
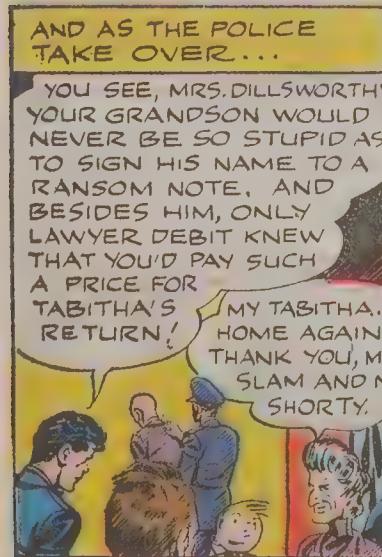












BOYS! GIRLS!

ACCEPT
DICK TRACY'S

DETECTIVE KIT

Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

for Only **15¢** WITH NAME "TOOTSIE"
from jar of **TOOTSIE V-M**

Now have all the thrills 'n' chills of playing Detective, Spy, Saboteur games! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you.

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit *almost free* so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals, to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M. Hurry! Mail coupon now.

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See your Newspaper Radio Page for time and station



AT YOUR GROCER'S
NO RATION POINTS

Super-charged with Vitamins and Minerals

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HURRY!

HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY—OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER, 1946

TOOTSIE and the **TOY CANNON**

THE WICKED DR. NARSTY WHO LOVES TO MAKE SMALL CHILDREN UNHAPPY IS ENJOYING HIMSELF!

WHEN ROLLO TOOTSIE FOR TOOTSIE, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE COMES A-RUNNING!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HO! TRYING TO HURT ME WITH A CORK BULLET! HA, HO!

HEH, HEH, YOU'LL GET WEAKER AND WEAKER CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! BECAUSE WITH THAT CORK IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU CAN'T EAT TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR ENERGY!

BUT ROLLO AND THE SECRET LEGION COME TO THE RESCUE!

THANKS, PALS!

POP!

NOT SO FAST, DR. NARSTY! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO PRISON AGAIN.

BOY, I'M GLAD WE'VE BEEN EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS REGULARLY! THEY GAVE US THE EXTRA ENERGY TO HELP OUR CAPTAIN!



PRISON BREAK

by Jesse Merian

IT was "Books" Higgins who had found a way to break out of this prison. And now Booksy and two other lifers were going to be free in about twenty minutes. They couldn't fail. Why, they even had a map to guide them.

Steel files to saw jail bars, or blasting dynamite and chattering guns were out of style in prison breaks. And besides, who could smuggle any of those things into a lifer's cell in State Penitentiary? These three desperate men had no need for such crude methods. All they had to do was to follow the directions on Booksy's map to walk out right under the nose of every guard in the place.

The three of them were sitting tensely in the prison library now. Where they'd spent all their evenings for the last few months. They were reading, or pretending to read. Because it was from the library that they were about to start their break for the outside. And it was in the library that Booksy had found the map.

Sitting, sweating and nervous, in one corner of the big reading room, under the softly glowing lights, were three of the most desperate criminals who had ever broken the state's laws. "Cutter", the burly brute with the scar-sashed face and the crumpled ears and the smashed nose. Once he'd ruled lesser gangsters with a sharp razor and brass knuckles. But the law had put him away for life. Cutter, the convict who'd already tried twice in five years to fight his way to freedom and been captured both times. He'd learned that you couldn't climb the high prison walls, or beat twenty guards in a battle of fists.

And then there was "Mus-

cles", the strongest man in the prison. The convict who could swing a 16-pound sledge hammer all day long. He'd been a prize fighter once, and a wrestler, before the state had put him to pounding rocks after a nasty gang slaying that had shocked the country. Both Cutter and Muscles were solid brawn and very little clever brain. The thinking member of the trio was really Booksy.

Booksy had always been a great one for reading. In the days when he'd led the law a merry chase, he'd been the brains of his mob. Booksy had always made his living by his quick hands, quicker eyes and even faster tongue. On the outside, his reading habits had been used to discover older and better and forgotten ways to make crime pay. Now, in prison, his reading had found a way to break out of jail. Found a perfect prison break printed in black and white in a book.

The discovery had come three months ago. Booksy still remembered the night he'd taken down the big book on architecture from the highest and most unused shelf in the prison library. Booksy had leafed through the heavy volume, stirring the thick dust that had drifted between its pages with the years. At first, it seemed to be just a collection of old maps and housing plans for the city. Useless. But suddenly, Booksy's eyes had grown wide in amazement.

Why, it couldn't be true. It had been too perfect to be real. But after he'd rubbed his eyes and looked again, it was still there. The most perfectly planned prison break that any convict had ever dared to hope for.

It had been easy after that.

Booksy had been quick to recognize the original building plans of the very jail he was confined in. Every cell block, every corridor, every exit was plainly marked. Especially the one way out that Booksy and his two pals were now going to use.

The library was almost deserted. Behind their three books, the men hid their faces and waited for the last convict to get up and leave. They needed just a few minutes of privacy. The guard at the main desk couldn't see them in this corner. Why couldn't that old fool quit reading and go . . . there! He was rising, he was gone. They were alone now. Booksy leaped into action.

His movements were quick and noiseless, his thin body lithe and sure. His eyes were cold and unexcited. Booksy directed Muscles and Cutter with low, hissing whispers. Booksy only weighed 134 pounds, but every ounce of it was pure, hatred for this prison they had locked him in. He bossed his brawny helpers.

"Fast! Just as we rehearsed it for a month! And don't bungle it, you fools! You, Muscles, you're the strongest! Lift it open quietly!"

They were all standing under a barred grating through which fresh air for the library was pushed by the prison's ventilating system. Muscles lifted his big, hairy hands to the curved iron of the grating. One tremendous heave of his shoulders and three square feet of grate swung open with scarcely a click. Booksy exulted in a whisper of triumph.

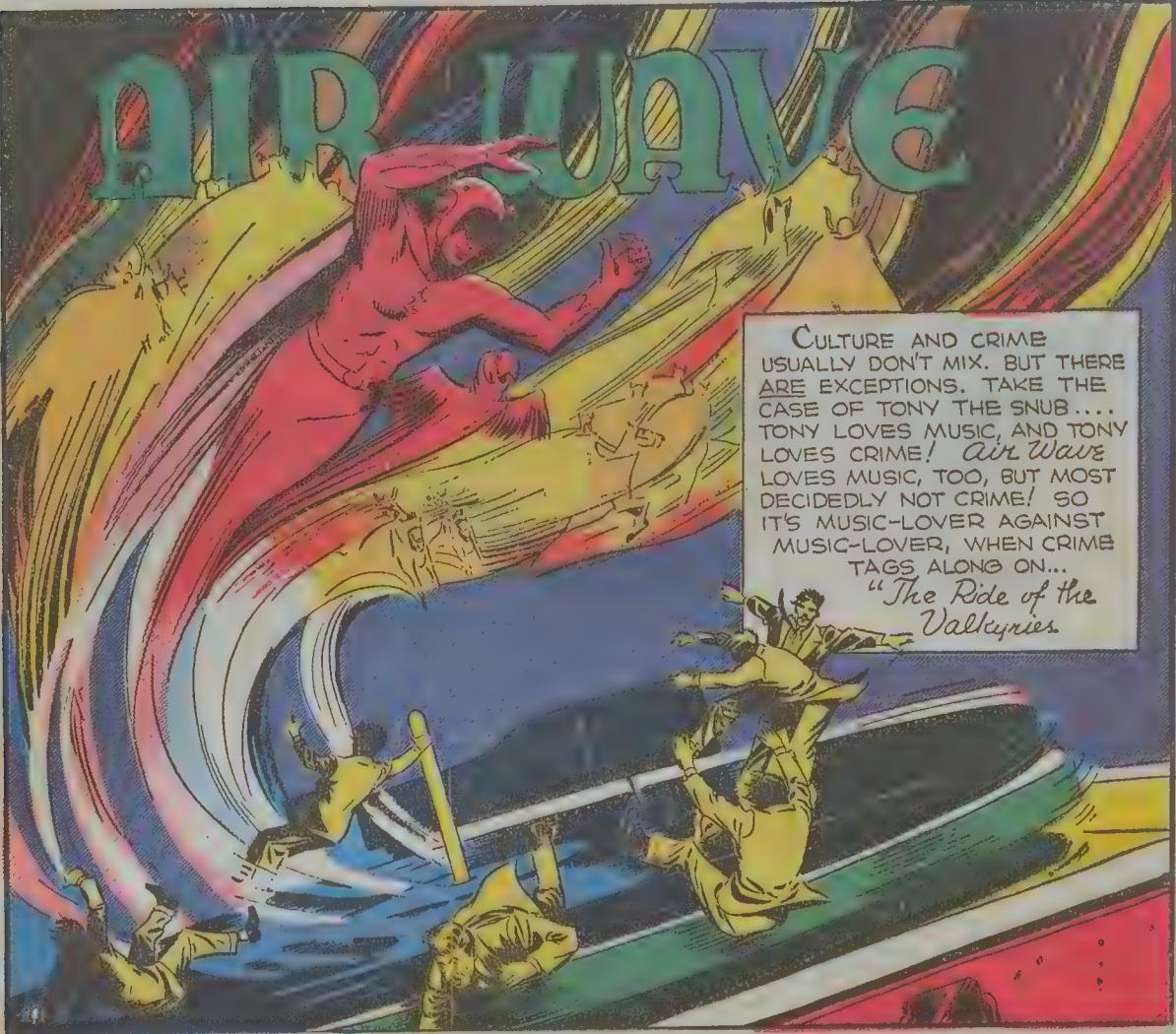
"See! I filed the catch loose with a splinter of steel. Took me more than a month. Now

(Continued on inside back cover)

AIR WAVE

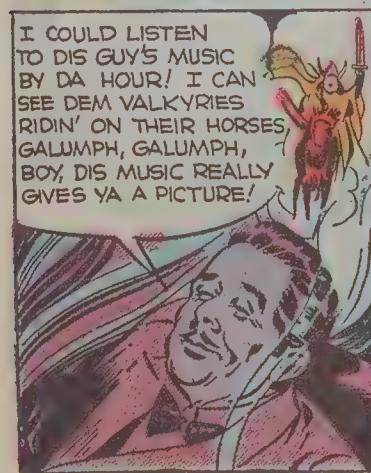
CULTURE AND CRIME
USUALLY DON'T MIX. BUT THERE
ARE EXCEPTIONS. TAKE THE
CASE OF TONY THE SNUB....
TONY LOVES MUSIC, AND TONY
LOVES CRIME! *Air Wave*
LOVES MUSIC, TOO, BUT MOST
DECIDEDLY NOT CRIME! SO
IT'S MUSIC-LOVER AGAINST
MUSIC-LOVER, WHEN CRIME
TAGS ALONG ON...

*"The Ride of the
Valkyries"*

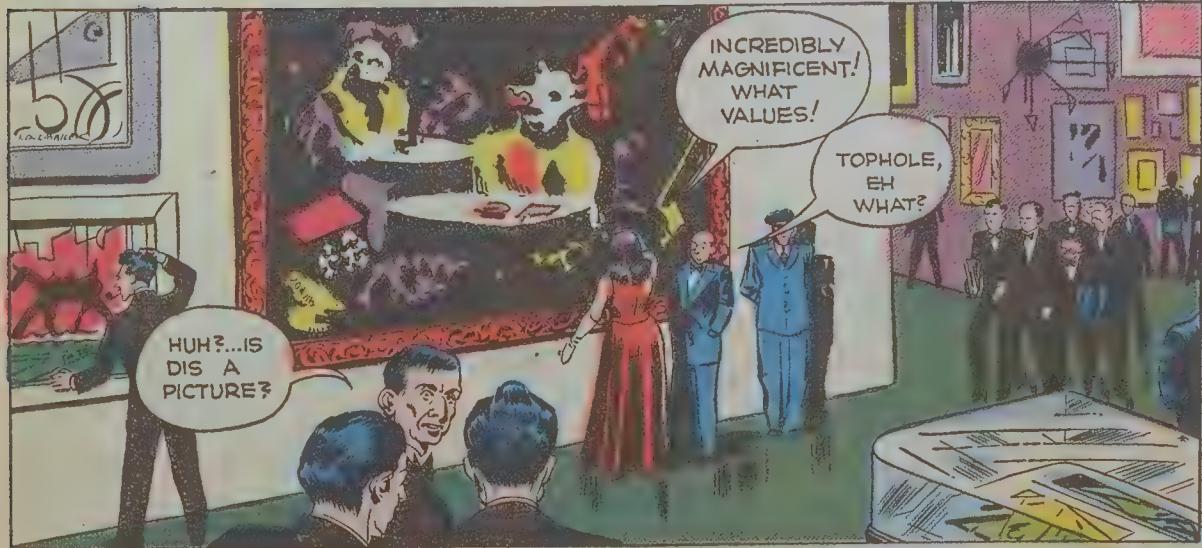


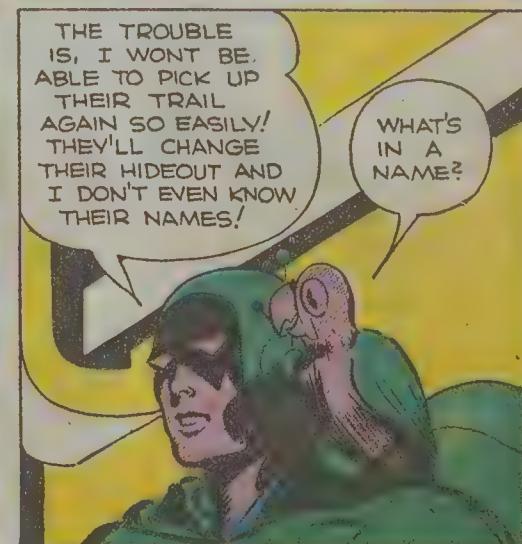
CRIMINALS
SHUDDER AS THEY
DREAM OF
Air Wave
TUNING IN ON THEIR
MOST
SECRET
CONVERSATIONS, AND
YET, THERE
ARE TIMES
WHEN THE
WIZARD OF
WIRELESS
IS NOT
THINKING
ABOUT
CRIME...





DETECTIVE COMICS

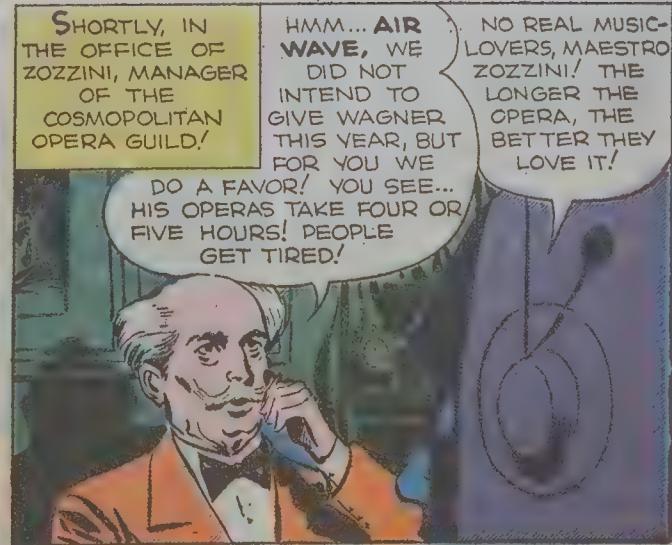


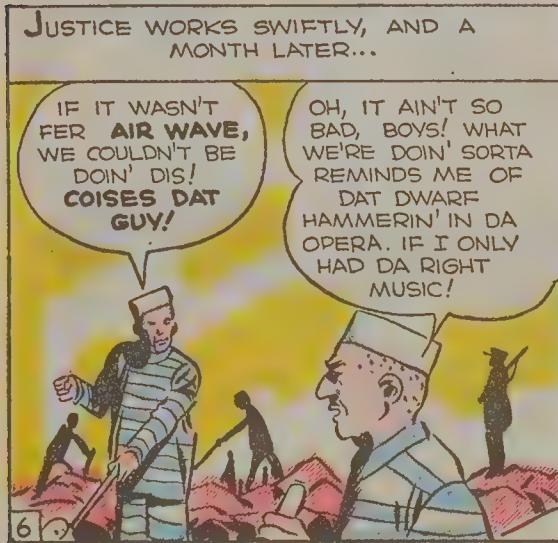
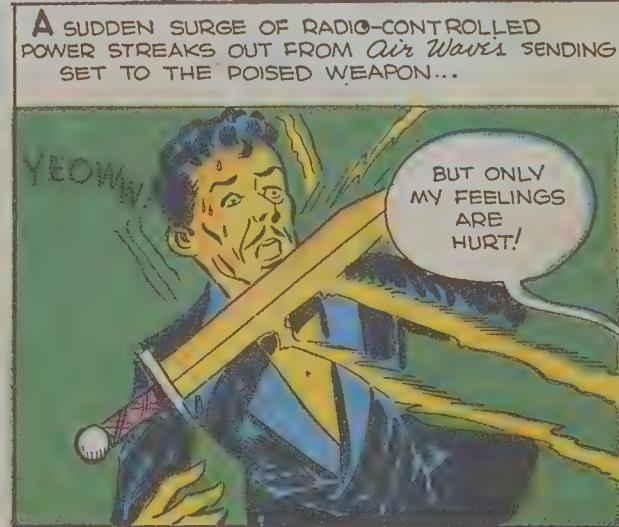


DETECTIVE COMICS

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PUBLICATION

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ACTUALLY FLY. Designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand.

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HOLLOW FUSELAGE. Shaped to give recognition silhouettes of real Yak I-26 and Republic Thunderbolt P-47.

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RUGGED CONSTRUCTION. Will fly hundreds of missions—indoors and out—without serious damage to ships.

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OFFICIAL BATTLE INSIGNIA. Thunderbolt carries the U.S. bar and star design. Yak displays red star marking of Soviet Air Force and special squadron, arrow insignia along fuselage.

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Box 8310, Chicago, Ill.

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Name _____

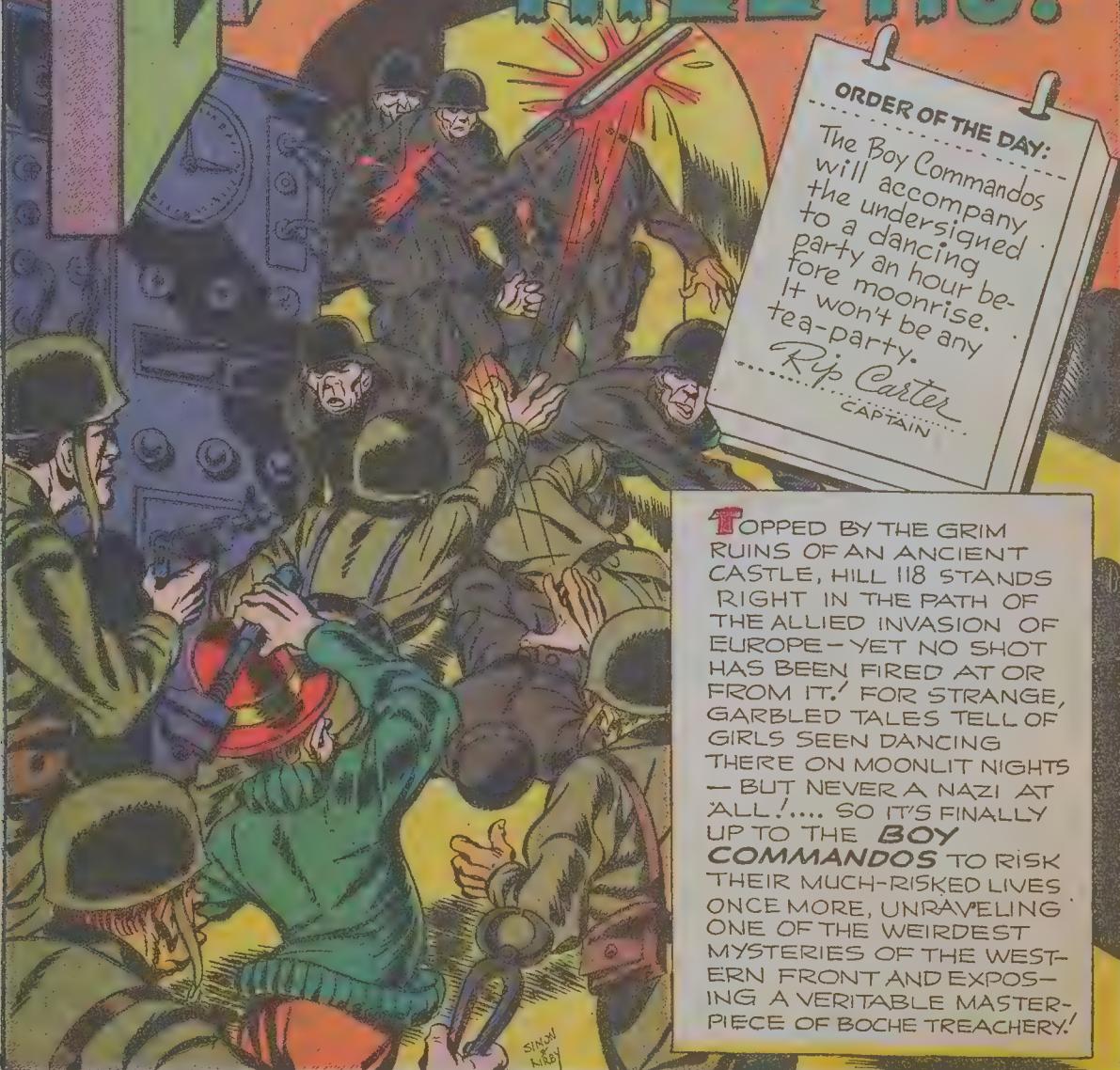
Street Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The BOY COMMANDOS

in

"The Secret of HILL 118!"



ORDER OF THE DAY:

The Boy Commandos will accompany the undersigned to a dancing party an hour before moonrise. It won't be any tea-party.

Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

TOPPED BY THE GRIM RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE, HILL 118 STANDS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE ALLIED INVASION OF EUROPE — YET NO SHOT HAS BEEN FIRED AT OR FROM IT! FOR STRANGE, GARBLED TALES TELL OF GIRLS SEEN DANCING THERE ON MOONLIT NIGHTS — BUT NEVER A NAZI AT ALL!.... SO IT'S FINALLY UP TO THE **BOY COMMANDOS** TO RISK THEIR MUCH-RISKED LIVES ONCE MORE, UNRAVELING ONE OF THE WEIRDEST MYSTERIES OF THE WESTERN FRONT AND EXPOSING A VERITABLE MASTER-PIECE OF BOCHE TREACHERY!

THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE GREAT CONFERENCES OF THE WAR, BUT IT HAS ITS POINTS OF INTEREST...

YOU WERE SAYING, LIEUTENANT?

I FLEW LOW OVER HILL 118 JUST AFTER THE MOON ROSE LAST NIGHT—AND COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW GIRLS DANCING IN THE GRASS ABOUT THE RUINS OF THE OLD CASTLE!

YOU WERE STATIONED AT THE BASE OF THE HILL BEFORE WE CAPTURED YOU, WEREN'T YOU?

JA! UND I KNOW OF DER DANCING GIRLS! I VAS TOLD THEY WERE A FEW OF HUNDREDS OF WOMEN UND CHILDREN WHO HAFF TAKEN REFUGE IN DER OLD CASTLE!

YOU HAVE SEEN THIS—ER-PERFORMANCE, PIERRE?

I LAY HALF THE NIGHT ON THE HILL TO SEE IT—BUT WHEN THE GIRLS BEGAN TO DANCE, I KNEW THEY WERE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE SLAIN BY THE BOCHE, AND I CREEPT AWAY IN FEAR!

I THINK IT'S A SCHEME TO COVER UP SOME ELABORATE NAZI INSTALLATIONS ON HILL 118!

BUT YOU COULD BE WRONG, COLONEL—AND WE COULD FIND OURSELVES IN THE POSITION OF SHELLING HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

WE ADVANCE AGAIN AT DAWN, AND HILL 118 IS RIGHT IN OUR PATH! WE MUST TAKE IT, AND WE MUST KNOW WHETHER ANY RESISTANCE WILL BE OFFERED—AND WE MUST KNOW THIS IN ADVANCE!

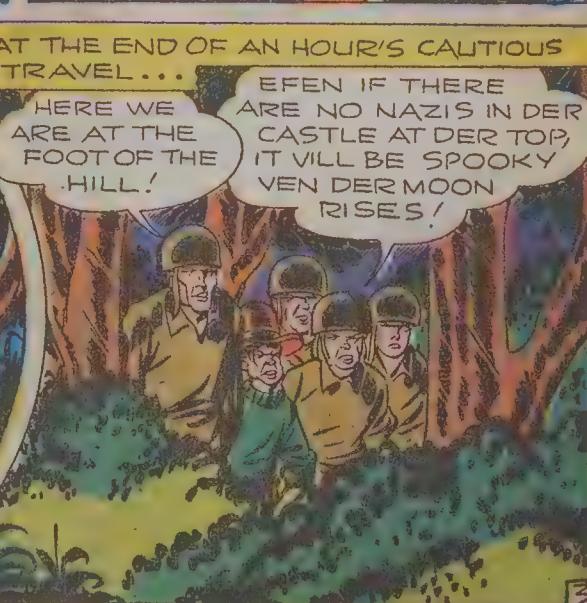
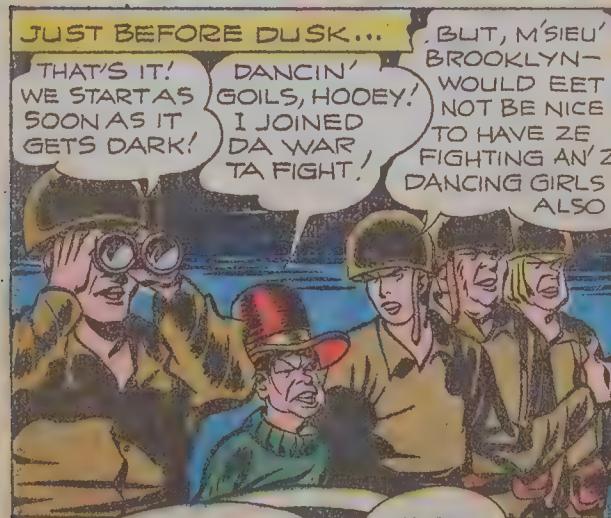
SEND FOR CAPTAIN RIP CARTER AT ONCE!

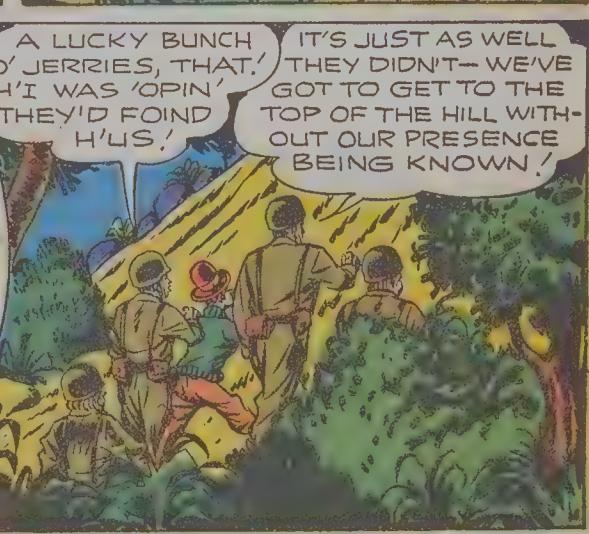
RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

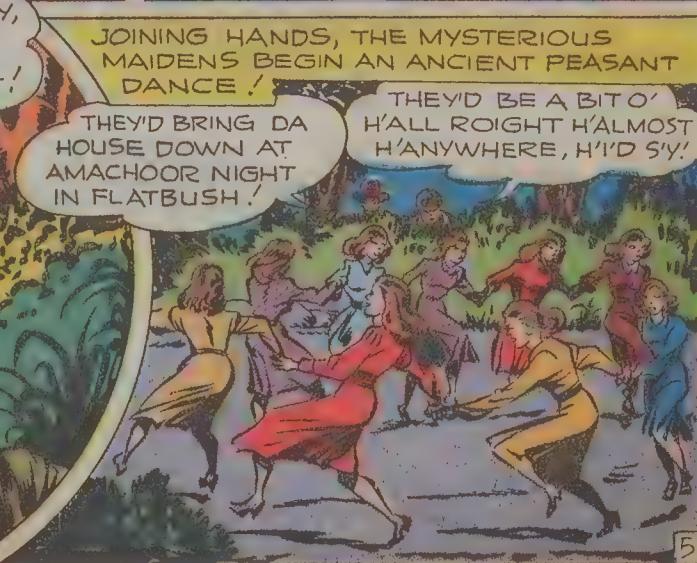
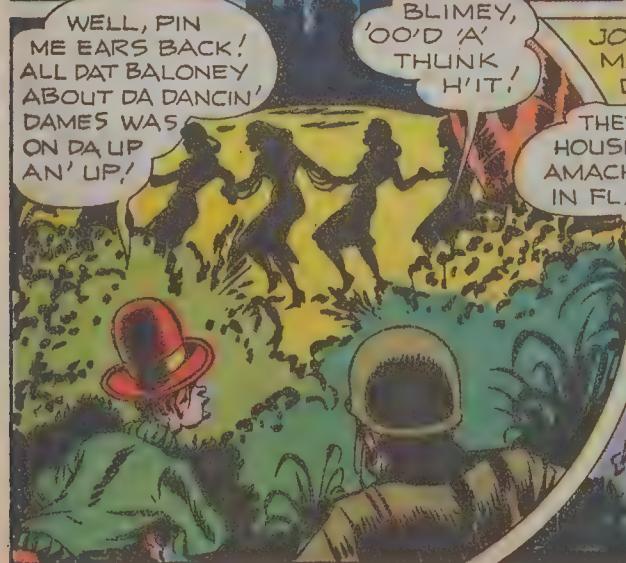
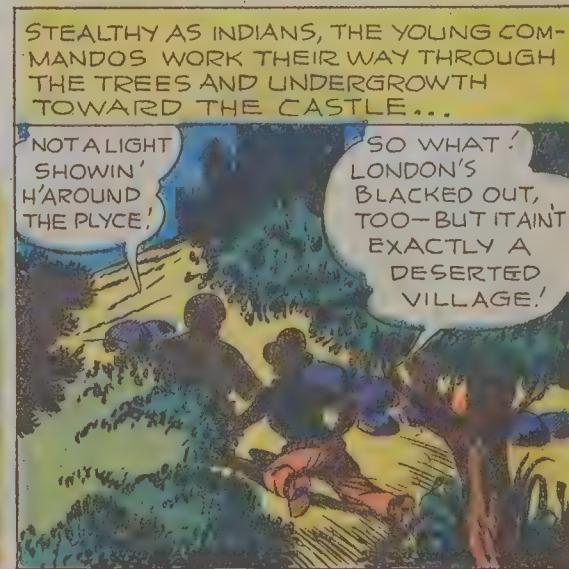
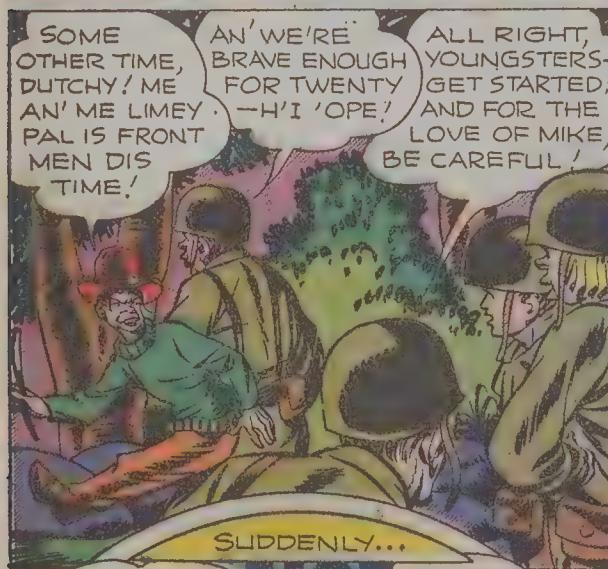
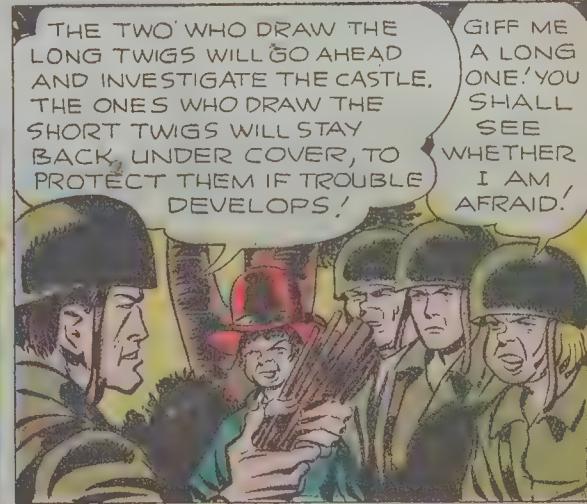
DETECTIVE COMICS

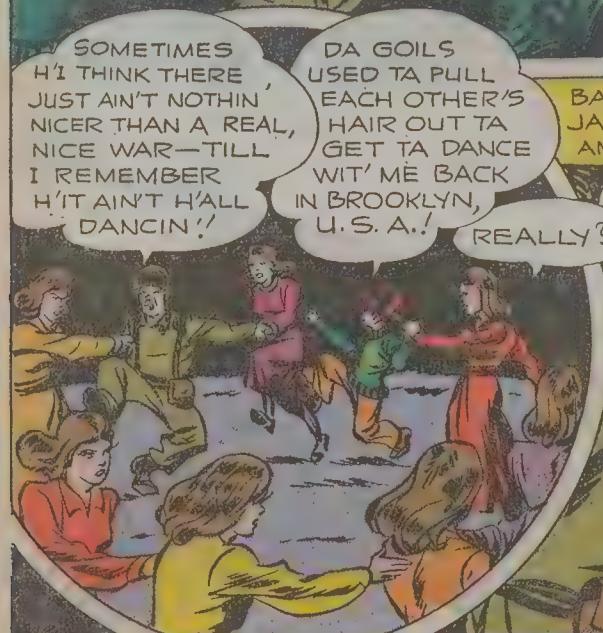
A SUPERMAN
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A SUPERMAN
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BACK IN THEIR FIRE-COVERING POSITIONS, JAN AND ANDRE RUB THEIR EYES IN AMAZEMENT...

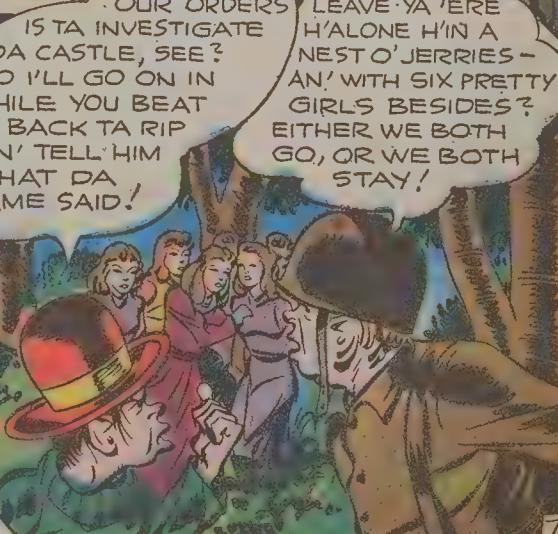
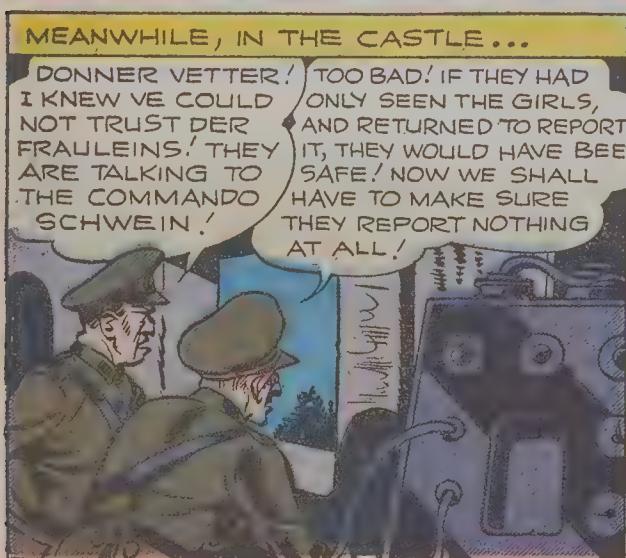
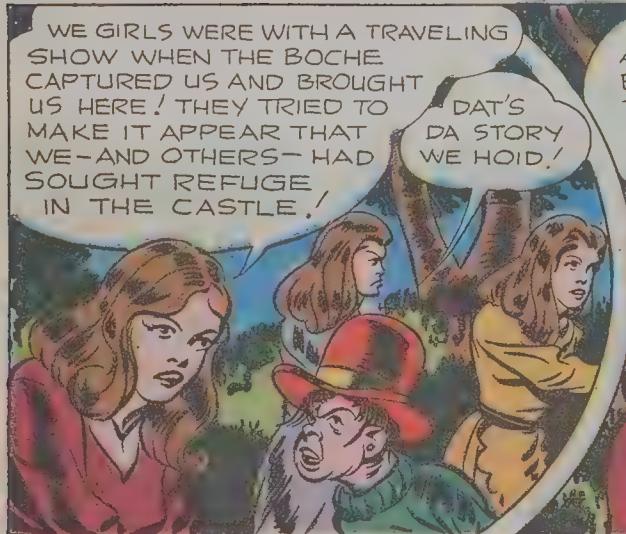


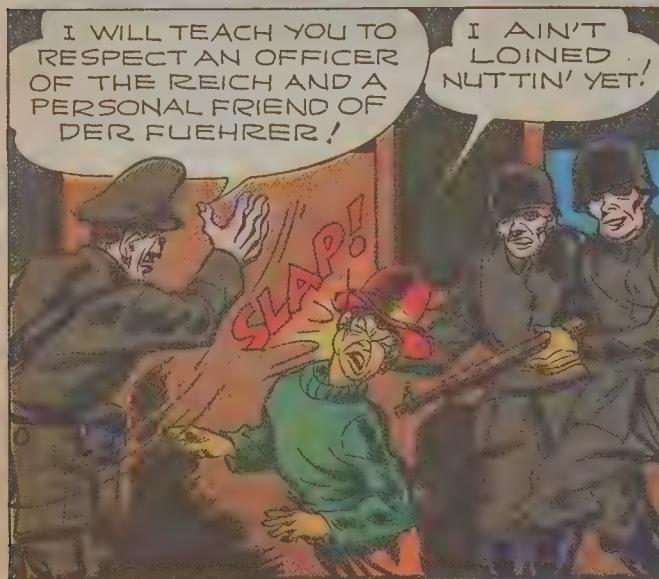
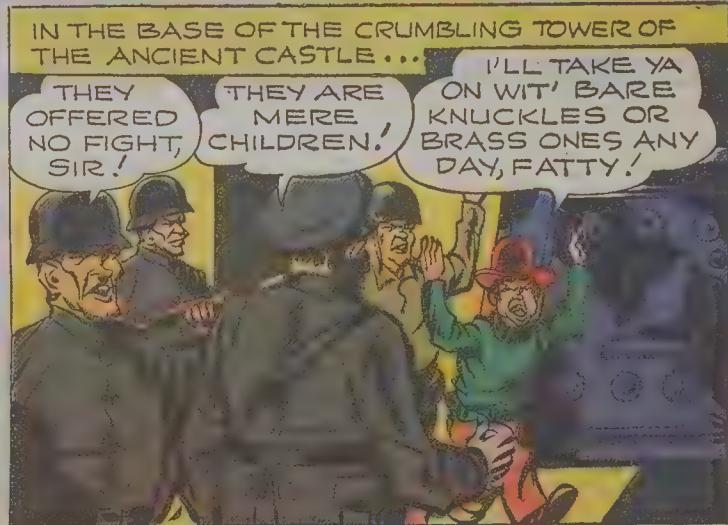
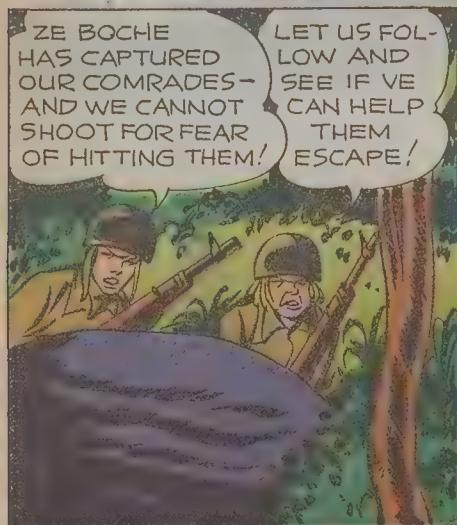
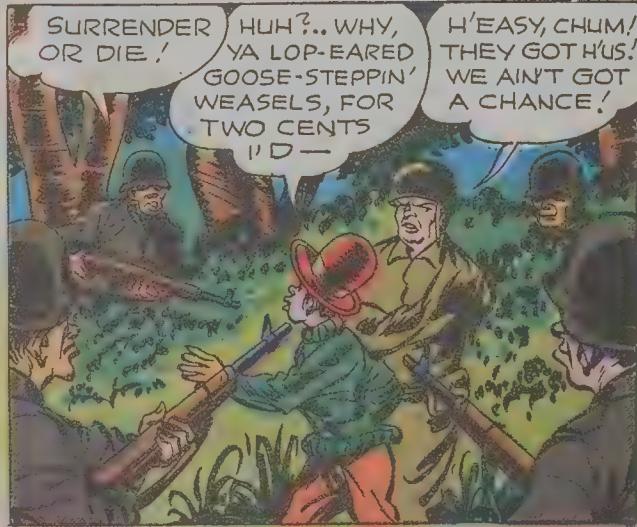
AND AS FOR RIP CARTER...



AS THE STRANGE MOONLIGHT DANCE COMES TO AN END...









THE NEXT MOMENT...

SURRENDER, OR YOU ARE DEAD BOCHES!

JUST DA CHANCE I WAS HOPIN' FOR!

HIMMEL! MORE OF THEM!

HELP! MUNSTER! KAPELL!

LEMME TEACH YATA RESPECT ME INSTEAD, HUH?

WE ARE WINNING!

BUT AN INNER DOOR IS THROWN OPEN, AND —

ACHTUNG! SURRENDER!

LUMME-I'M AFRAID THEY GOT US!

YA GOT US-BUT KEEPIN' US AIN'T GONNA BE SO EASY!

HANS! BRING DER SPOOL

MON PAUVRE BROOKLYN, YOU SPOKE TOO SOON!

LENGTHS OF BARBED WIRE ARE WRAPPED TIGHTLY ABOUT THE PRISONERS!

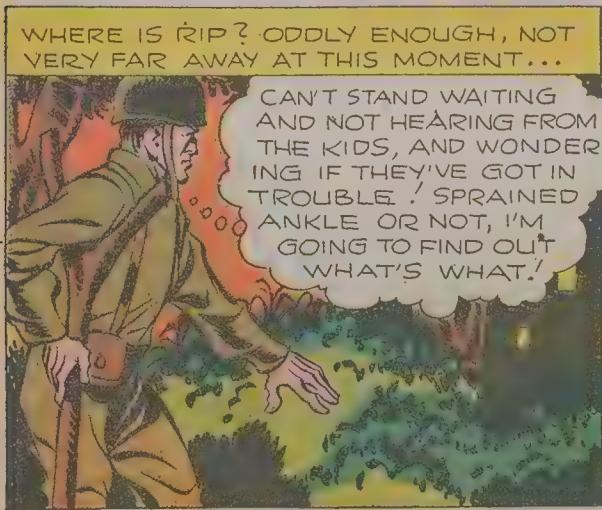
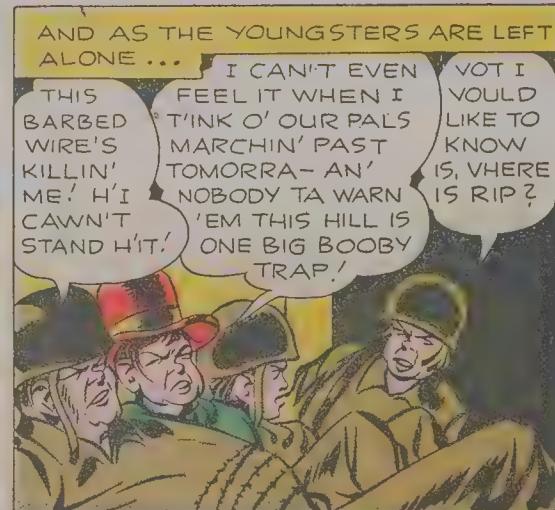
OUCH! H'LL GET H'EVEN FOR THIS IF IT TYKES ME A 'UNDRED YEARS!

I TELL YOU, IT IS CONTRARY TO THE LAWS OF WAR!

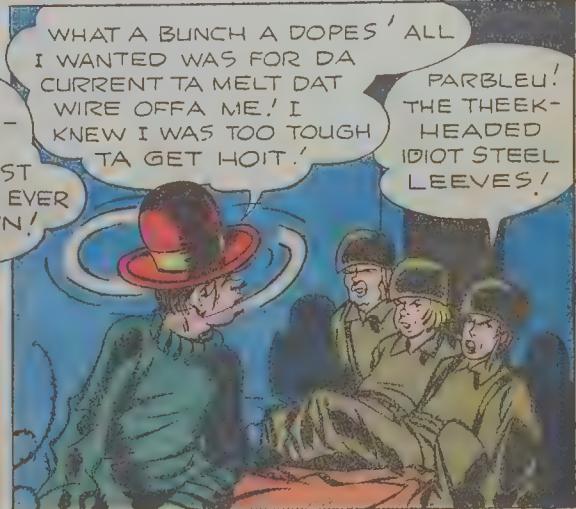
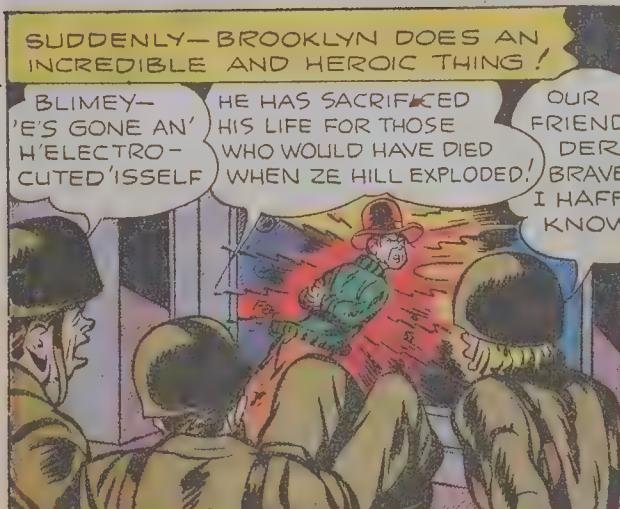
SINCE WHEN DID DA RATZIS EVER CARE FOR LAWS?

IT VON'T HURT FOR LONG! SO SOON AS DER ALLIED ADVANCE REACHES HERE, DER ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT VILL EGGSplode DER HILL-UND YOU UND HALF YOUR ARMY!

NOT TO MENTION DER PRETTY DANCING GIRLS WHO TALKED TOO MUCH UND NOW ARE LOCKED IN A ROOM AVAITING DER BLAST!



IF I CAN SHORT-CIRCUIT DA, WOIKS AN' KEEP DA HILL FROM BLOWIN' UP, IT WON'T MATTER IF I DON'T COME OUTA IT ALIVE!



THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE GREATEST VICTORIES OF THE INVASION, BUT IT HAS ITS SATISFYING ASPECTS . . .

KAMERAD!

JUST WHEN I
WAS GETTIN' SET
FOR A SPELL
O' FUN!

ANYVAY, IT
VILL BE GOOD
TO GET
AWAY FROM
THIS HILL!

KAMERAD!

THE MARCH BACK . . .

I THINK
COMMANDOS
ARE THE MOST
WONDERFUL
SOLDIERS IN THE
WORLD!

ZAT
BROOKLYN.

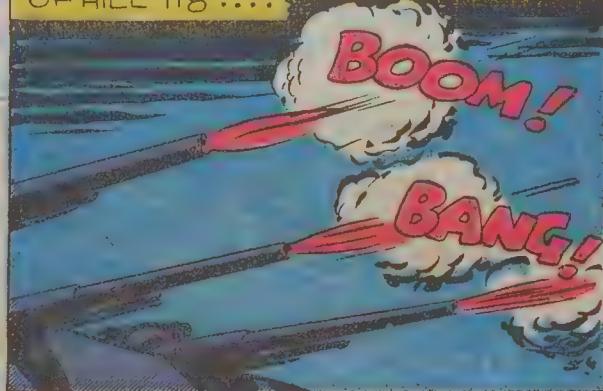
SOME OF
'EM, ESPEC-
IALLY! TAKE
ME, F'RINSTANCE!

ONCE CLEAR OF THE HILL, RIP FIRES
THE SIGNAL FLARE THAT MEANS:
"WARNING—NAZI INSTALLATIONS!"

NOW
FOR THE
PAYOFF!



FAR BEHIND THE ALLIED LINES, BIG
GUNS THUNDER, SEEKING THE RANGE
OF HILL 118 . . .



IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES THEY HAVE
THE RANGE!

A DIRTY NAZI
TRAP THAT MIGHT
HAVE COST THE
LIVES OF THOU-
SANDS OF OUR
MEN!

LUMME—THE 'ILL
MUST'A BEEN FILLED
WITH TNT FROM
BOTTOM TO TOP!

BOOM!

JUST THINK, IF
WE WAS STILL
LYIN' UP IN
THAT CASTLE!

AND THAT'S ALL, GENTLE READER—
EXCEPT THAT FOR DAYS AND DAYS AFTER-
WARD SCENES LIKE THIS ARE COMMON
AT COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS . . .

JEANNE
WAS DA
PRETTIEST,
BUT COSETTE
HAD DA NICEST
EYES!

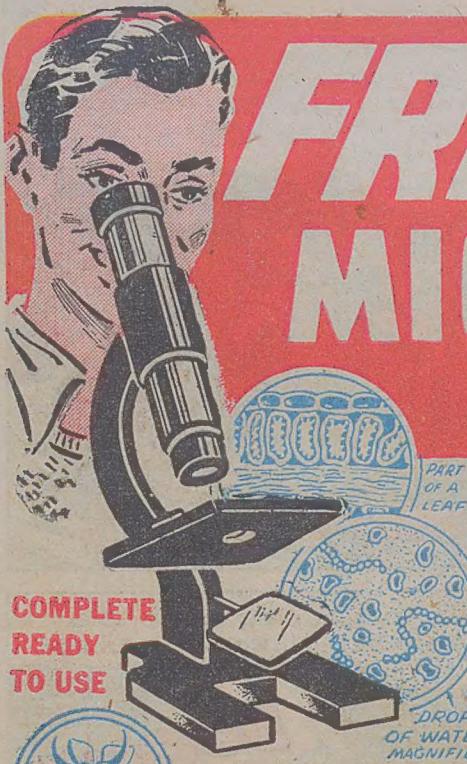
H'I LOIKED
YVETTE
BEST, AN'
MARIE
NEXT!

COME, JAN-ZEY
ARE JUST TRYING
TO PRETEND ZEY
ARE BIG, BAD
BEARS!

YOU
MEAN
WOLVES,
ANDRE!

FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

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ORDER
WHILE
SUPPLY
LASTS

climb into that ventilating system before the guard at the desk spots us."

The three men clambered noiselessly into the square cave of darkness which brought fresh air past their faces. Booksy was the last one in. Noiselessly, he swung back the iron grate so that it snapped back into place. No one had seen them disappear. From now on escape was easy.

As they crouched in the darkness, the big, bulky form of Muscles trembled nervously beside the listening Booksy. The big man couldn't believe that all he had to do was to walk out of prison through an air-cooled tunnel. He whispered hoarsely into Booksy's ear.

"Boss! Boss! Dis wall is wide enough, jus' like ya said. But kin we trust . . ."

Booksy's angry fist thudded against the blackness of the other man's jaw. He didn't hurt Muscles. No one could hurt that mountain of a man with a fist like a cream puff. But both Muscles and Cutter were reassured by the tense and rapid-fire whispering that hissed angrily and quietly through Booksy's teeth.

"You wooden-headed muggs! How many times do I have to explain it to you? I tell you we can't fail now. The worst of it is over. They'll never find us in this prison again. In twenty minutes we'll be free men. I studied the old plans of that prison layout I found in that book on architecture. It showed me a tunnel that was once used to connect the old cell blocks. And this is it. This tunnel is now being used for the modern cooling system. All we have to do is feel our way in the dark to the end of this cave, and then smash our way out into the river below. We'll be free! Free! Now come on! I'll lead the way!"

Slowly, stumbling up the rough incline of the tunnel, they inched their way forward into the blast of fresh air that rush-

ed into their faces. It was black as ink. Nothing could be heard but their own muffled breathing. In ten minutes of careful walking they reached the wooden partition that Booksy had recognized in the old map he'd found. Booksy almost yelled his triumph, he was so excited to find out that the old map had really been on the level. But Booksy kept his voice down to a cool whisper. He filled his two brawny companions with confidence. Because there was a tough job ahead.

"This is it! This is the wooden partition that's in front of a wall of clay bricks that overlooks the edge of the river. All we have to do is to smash through that clay wall. We drop into the river. We all swim safely to the other shore. My men will pick us up there. I told them of this plan on the last visitor's day. Now get busy, you two! Smash that wall!"

Muscles and Cutter were confident, now that they could feel the grooved edges of the wood paneling that was set in the concrete wall. Their fingers ran over it in the dark. Touched it from top to bottom, making sure it was only a wooden door. They whispered gratefully to Booksy.

"Chee, boss! Youse is sure a smart guy. Spottin' dis exit in an old map. An' bringin' us along tuh smash down da wall. Even if it's bricks instead of clay, we'll knock it down fer ya. Jus' stand aside an' let us git a little run!"

More than four hundred pounds of bone and muscle backed carefully to one end of the dark tunnel. They pressed their broad backs against one side of the passage, and then, at the count of three, they lunged forward to batter at the wooden door with their burly shoulders. As they crashed into the wood, and the splinters let in a ray of light, Booksy exulted to himself. Without an instant's

hesitation he threw himself after his two helpers.

* * * * *
Hours later, Warden Martin was explaining it all to his guards and newspapermen.

"I was sitting right here in my office, at this desk. Suddenly a tremendous crash sounded in the wall over there to the right. Through that gaping hole in the plaster came hurtling the bodies of three of the toughest lifers in this prison. As you can see, they fell about fifteen feet. Knocked themselves out. All I had to do was call the guards and have them carried back to their cells. Seems that this smart Booksy fellow found an architect's drawings from the year they decided to remodel this prison. His ideas for escape were almost perfect. Only, he should have been told that the architect made some changes in his original plans, so that the tunnel that used to wind straight to the river bank and a possible escape, now runs past the wall of my private office. And those three criminals dropped in on me."

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